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For the National Era.

WHO ARE SECTIONAL?

BY GEO. M. WESTON.

slave States will certainly not submit to it, and

perhaps ought not to submit to it. This objec-

ceived the special endorsement of one who has

from Europe, has made this his capital, most

"We see a political party presenting candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency, selected for the first time from the free States

alone, with the avowed purpose of electing

order to appreciate them fully, it is only ne-

cessary to turn the tables upon ourselves.

their blood, and bequeathed to us as a price

ticket doubtless received the support of Mr.

given to Southern men, and of 260 votes thrown for Vice President, 221 were given to South-

ern men, so that, in most of the States, the votes must have been given to candidates from

the South for both offices.

In 1836, the candidates of the Whig party
were General Harrison, of Ohio, for the Presi-

were General Harrison, of Ohio, for the Presidency, and Mr. Granger, of New York, for the second office, except in Massachusetts, which supported Mr. Webster for the Presidency, and Mr. Granger for the second office. Mr. Fillmore, undoubtedly, voted the Harrison and Granger ticket. At the same election, South

Carolina voted for Mangum, of North Carolina,

for President, and Tyler, of Virginia, for the second office. At the same election, Georgia and Tennessee voted for Judge White, of Ten-

ceed to the first office, upon the same contingencies as would a Vice President elected by

more to be so unprecedented and so dangerous Or does Mr. Fillmore hold that to be unlawful

when proposed to be done by "Black Republi-cans," which is entirely lawful when done by

ing, either that Col. Fremont would ostracise

Southern applicants for office, provided they possess the Jeffersonian qualifications, or that Southern men would refuse to take office un-

anybody else?

Undoubtedly, the practice has been com-

less inheritance."

WASHINGTON, D. C.

TO MY DAISY, ALWAYS TURNING ITS FACE TO THE SKY.

BY UNA.

Daisy, looking upward ever, Smiling to the glorious Give Through the live-long day; Les me read the lesson holy Thou art teaching, though so lowly,

Calm and trustful is thy bearing, Free from every anxious caring, Looking still above. Never fearful for the morrow Never drooping low with sorrow Flower of light and love.

Sweet thy teaching-I would heed it; Much our fearful spirits need it. In these days of strife. Faith and patience falter sadly. Thinking of our land so madly,

And of all the wild commotion, Sounding over land and ocean Filling with dismay.
Through this roar of angry voices, Through this storm of clanging noises,

Where shall be our stay Cheerful daisy! be my teacher, take a faithful, constant preacher Pointing up to Heaven.

iod and gentle angels love us; They are watching still above us Peace to earth shall yet be given Only let us pray unceasing

On each right endeavor: Work with hearts and hands united, To our country's welfare plighted Till these grievous wrongs are righted

For the National Era

MRS. HADDEN. CHAPTER XIII.

It has been said of-

June. 1856.

(The doctor is making his way through the other rooms, humming-"The day is dark and dreary "-

which it is not, any more than he, good soul, is "dark and dreary." He stops somewhere on the way, by the flower-vases, or the books or papers, still humming—
"Some days must be dark and dreary."

He shall have something to scold at when he comes. This new page, which will come first and so on."

ing of the new day. The moon-silver moon!- S. "perched on high,"* volubly, in his unknown

"Dr. W-, good morning!" ing this morning? Anything richly worth do- ter

"Yes indeed, Doctor! I think I am verily "He'm! by Comus, then," laughing. "You

look like it! So are the turkeys inspired, out handkerchief, and laughing out, again and

he laughs. "I don't know of anybody who can be quite so foolish as you can, when you are? Do you know, child, about this?"

"No; he had never been very near the other

tongue'-what on earth do you suppose peodragging the whole pile of manuscript out befare him, and falling at once into the absorption that comes so easy to him.) Mrs. Cabot wrote the following note to Mrs

day; but, thank Heaven, it is no sign that the days that are to come will not be fair as Eden I want you to come over here, you see; you, Mr. Hadden, and dear Julia, next Thursday. I wish you would take the big sleigh, and so bring Jamie. Apropos of Jamie, you don't know, Mrs. Hadden, how often I say to myself—'I wonder if she knows that she is favored above all mothers.' You are. I was thinking about it last night, in the night. I was awake half of the night; for husband and I had been talk-ing about our boy; husband thinks be is in a way, and it almost breaks my heart. I was thinking about you and Jamie, and I kept woman, were entertaining an angel in that boy. Not that he is an actual angel, to be sure; but his influence, his presence in your home, all that he says and does, his very looks, are all ministering to the beauty and peacefulness of your daily life. If you should ever lose him any way, you would understand and feel it night, how it is that now you are

over to your house. I suspect that Bridget gave her paregoric, although I never keep a and she has been dozy, and at the same time here, thoroughly cased about with selashness. restless, ever since. If the sun will come out But then," after a thoughtful pause, "I've come restless, ever since. If the sun will come out to morrow, if you and Julia will cheer her mother by promising to come over Thursday, I think the darling will look up with the bright eyes she always has when she is well. The mother's life is an anxious one, is it not? and then, when one is trembling and striving to save the little ones, to bring them up to many.

I don't want him to. I want him to go over to your house again—I asked him to—I meant be two of the happiest mortals that ever lived together. I don't know how she feels towards him; but I presume she was not pleased with him; people are not apt to be, at first. For some reason, he is disturbed whenever he hears

with his big gloves on, and his whip in hand, saying, 'Come!' Is this Mr. Hadden's word,

to Julia, if it will make her uncomfortable, or prevent her coming—not for all the town! I prevent her coming—not for all the town! I am thinking that she may like the zest of it—coming in the face and eyes of his oddity to—wards her?"

really vexed with Arthur, so that she hardly is, if a man, sit his her with us in any of our parlors, is crossed, and worried, and jaded, in his love affairs, friendship affairs, money affairs, wards her?"

wide bother! you don't let one tell one's story

in a manner that is really legitimate, that accords with all respectable precedents, from into the front parlor, where she went directly, Moses' time down to our own; you ask so many—what is it that you want to know now?"

"Are you scolding? O, I see you're not!
You like the irregular proceedings as well as I do. You hate humdrum and monotony badly as I do. I asked if Julia went over, knowing

that Arthur Fletcher had not patience even to hear her name." keep herself so. Hearing that he would not go where she was, hearing that he felt so strongly against her, inclined her a thousand times the more to go, than if Mrs. Cabot had written, 'Julia must come, on Arthur's account; Arthur doats on her.'"

"So she went because she was in reality attracted. That was a good, straightforward sort of a girl, at any rate. I like her. Was Arthur

Fletcher glad to see her come?"

"Glad? He was in a panic, when, at the sound of the bells and the tramping, he looked down from his chamber window, and saw her large aquiline nose beyond the frill of her genteel hood. There was character in that nose, he thought—decision, conscience, delicacy, high breeding, and a whole string of formida-ble excellences—ha! So he sat down to writing letters in the greatest hurry! When Mrs. Cabot came up after him, (with a face, poor woman, half glad, half apprehensive,) he could not stop to look up, even. There was never anybody in such a hurry. When his sister put her hand on his papers and beyond him. put her hand on his papers, and begged him to let his writing go, he said, at last, with de-cision, 'No, I can't. Cabot and Mr. Hadden on with his letter-writing, not knowing a word he was writing, or whether it had any connection with what he had written before. She did not get him. He pitied her when he saw her go, for he felt that she was not in her usual spirits that day; that she had not been, in fact, for several days. He spoke to her, therefore,

"I don't exactly like your hero," said the with his advantages, ought to face legislatures The stars—pure, holy stars !-took up their and armies more resolutely than he did that

clusive, were mere pigmies, on t one unassuming woman,' you say? He could have faced forty assuming women whom he did not respect, easier than that one nobly-develop-which, her face was graver than ever; and sho "Good morning, chit! What are you do- ed, strong woman, Julia Vesey, especially af-

"Yes, I understand; after the deuced shock miserable heroic attitude of his. He ought to have mastered that disadvantage, however. No man or woman here in this world, where all goes on by Providence, nothing by Fate, has He has read the new paragraph; and now he crosses and recrosses the room, swinging his Arthur Fletcher know, I wonder, had not some severe sickness that kept him near the other "You're a queer thing!" he says, and again of life, ever taught him how foolish and paltry

world, in any way, at any time, I fear. He tongue'—what on earth do you suppose peo-ple will think of such stuff? Here! I'm going was often having those. He had no dear friend in Heaven to draw upon his soul. He had had little in his own experience, therefore, to give this world have to bear. So he cared little for others, and, of course, had a great deal of ego-tism—of close, uneasy concern for himself; be-

> with all his exemption from what we call the the crossest purposes, said "Excuse me," and trials of life," replied the doctor, speaking with went off out of the room; went off above moisture gathering in his eyes.
> "I, for my part, don't pray that I may not be

afflicted; I just pray for strength and grace to turn whatever crosses and losses our Heavenly Father pleases to send, into the crowns and occupation?

"He was a lawyer by profession. But he had no liking for it; he did not apply himself. He was rich, and lived at ease in his possessions, travelling a great deal, reading, sketching, angling, and hunting a great deal, having a great deal of ennui."

"I can believe that. A man can't think too

much of the great, capable soul lying deep within him. He can't turn to it too often, ainister to it too carefully, or estimate it too highly. The more care a man takes of his soul, the greater he is, the calmer within him-self, and in all his walk among men. But if it comes to being careful that one don't get any outward discomfitures, inconveniences, or moring-tackle and rifle than of any living creature— then one might as well be under the turf as any way; and better, too. I would rather lie ever so close in my coffin, after having done a save the little ones, to bring them up to manhood, to womanhood, one never knows what it
is for. But then God knows, and, oh, may
faith in Him come back to this heart, that, this
heavy morning, is full of heavy cares.

"Dou't disappoint me. The only bright thing
can this morning see in the future, is your
coming.

"Arthur thinks be must go home next week.

"Arthur thinks be must go home next week."

"Arthur thinks be must go home next week."

"The only bright thing it, for they have loved me, and I them.
As a physician, I have always been doing
"Arthur thinks be must go home next week."

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"The only bright thing it, for they have loved me, and I them.
As a physician, I have always been doing any man says to me, with fiery eyes, 'I hate large, and ready for all who need them; and this, I find, is a very large number. With an experience like your hero's, I would probably been as appaitive an egotist as

There is never a chance for it in this world;

on your wiper, just where you laid it down an his nearest friends see nothing of it; or, if they hour ago, nearly," looking at his watch.

"Never mind. Let me tell you, now I am him cross, odd; and, if thay have a little last in the midst of it, about a conversation Arthur and Julia had after supper. Mrs. Cabot was really vexed with Arthur, so that she hardly is, if a man, sitting here with us in any of our

er, when supper was over, for him to follow her manliness, with more manliness than truth, in fact, since the sky was completely overcast—
'A pleasant evening, Miss Vesey.'
"She was a little obstinate towards him, on account of his cool behaviour towards her, or she would have acquisected slightly and present

she would have acquiesced slightly, and passed directly on to something else. As it was, she glanced out again through the window by which she was standing, into the murky twilight, saying, 'Do you think so? See how cloudy it is, and the winds are gathering themselves for a great storm.'"

great storm.' "Too bad!" replied he, looking out, stand-ing near Julia. "I meant to go fox hunting

storm," said Julia, looking him composedly in the face. "The fox is a beautiful creature. I would not like to have him hunted, any way but I especially deprecate it, since a gentleman told me what he aimed to do in hunting him; how, after he came upon a track, he took stealthy steps, that, when he came round to the sunny side of a hill or knoll, he might find the creature sleeping on the snow, and shoot him as he slept. If a man needs their skins to help feed, clothe, or warm his family, I can understand why he should bring himself to do this; but not that one should have pleasure in it."

"You would understand it better if you were to taste the sport some of these blue mornings," answered Fletcher, smiling at the serious ever and voice."

serious eyes and voice."
"If I saw the creature start out of his sleep. to die by and by, before my eyes, and by my hand? I think not. I love trout dearly—to cision, 'No, I can't. Cabot and Mr. Hadden have gone. There they are '—pointing with his pen. 'They'll go to Tillotson's store, and talk politics till supper time. Tillotson will come with them to supper, and they'll talk politics till they go home. Jehu! Do you think I can stand that?' Mrs. Cabot mentioned Mrs. Hadden, and his eyes brightened, as if there was relief there; she mentioned Julia in the next sentence, and his eyes were clouded. He dropped the lids, dropped the brows, dropped his head—even his shoulders—and went silently on with his letter-writing, not knowing a word him up several times in the bucket, and had him up several times in the bucket, and had seen what a nice, plump fellow he was. Mrs. Tillotson and Mary had been telling me about Tillotson and Mary had been telling me about him. We had been out, dropping down crumbs of bread, to see his shining sides, as he came up to take them. We wished he could be drawn up that afternoon; and, hearing us, put it into little Alfred's head to bring him up with

she turned back, telling her that he wished he could bear to go, since she desired it; that he could bear to go, since she desired it; that he could bear to go, since she desired it; that he down by the time she, "Alfred would have torn him from the hook; Mrs. Hadden, and Mrs. Tillotson, were done with all the little matters they would have to talk about. She mustn't be vexed with him, were human, all the time. He died before

pose or other." There was a slight pause after this, which The stars—pure, holy stars!—took up their low, soft melody—charming melody!—whose burden and whose refrain was, the new morn-burden and whose refrain was, the new morn-sir, years; and all the men about him, Mr. said, gently, something about this being hardly the necessity of any strong life, here in a world where there is so much to do, where so many look graver than ever taked on This me to him who had come in with the rest, seeing how grave they both were, hearing how like a low murmur their conversation ran, imagined that they found it very dull standing there by themselves, and came up to Julia, to tell her that Wid-ower Blake had been inquiring about her, and talking with him about her, several times, since he heard of her return to these parts. Jesting

use a woman better. And he had a large property, too, he said. Fletcher, after having listened a few mo ments with a restless manner, went away, and sat down by Mrs. Hadden. He was very friendly towards her; he had never appeared exact-ly so friendly; but he didn't attend closely to him salutary hints of what so many hearts in sionally, when he did not give his eyes that disaid-to know what it was that gave Julia face the brightness that he saw in it. He heard, Hadden, one day, soon after the night at that lady's house:

"Dearest Mrs. Hadden. This is a murk"

"Dearest Mrs. Hadden. This is a murk "I had the saw in it. He heard, at last, that they still talked about Squire Blake. He heard Julia, with a look of strong interest on her face, ask how many children he had. Hem! he could not stand that! He started up, answered Mrs. Hadden's remark at stairs, where his easy-chair was, and sat down

sooner than he meant to, when he left the company. He returned, with steps and air half impetuous, half timid and questioning, to find the Colonel and Julia, and—and Squire Blake, and Dr. W—, sitting together, talking with animation, frequently laughing, while the Colonel and Julia played at backgammon—Squire Blake directing Julia, saying, "Mo, no, Miss Vessey, that isn't the best move for you," or, the direction of the grame of That's it, Miss Vesey; you have the game

But then, dear Dr. W-, does it, after seem to be really worth one's while to be tell-ing all these particulars, when so much that is great and weighty, so much that is sad, goes

" 'So much that is sad'-yes, I know, are thinking of the war news, and poor Lord Raglan; the news from Kansas, and ill-used phia piece of business; and this shocking conduct at Louisville. I know about this. I wish to God we had somebody at the helm, with the generous, ardent, impulsive soul Frank Pierce sed to have when we were young men together, and he was his true self; when he acted dir out of himself, and not according to any of the his action, a great deal of his inaction; but, if any man says to me, with fiery eyes, 'I hate Pierce!' I say to that man, 'He's as good as you are, probably, in God's sight; for Gcd looks at the soul lying deep within one, and at circumstances, in judging, as man does not.' Still, child, one has not always to be writing of death, passages at the Crimea, whenever one would be weighty. I know (and I dare say you do, for neither has your life been all a holyday) how that which is sadder than the grave, so that the grave would be a dear release from it, can be going on any time, in any heart near us; in man like Arthur Fletcher, for instance, whil

heart ached hard enough, was leaden and deso-late enough, as he sat, after they were all gone, thinking that he was made to go through the great, ungenial, jolting world, alone and unbe-loved. He likened 'his Julia' (for this is what he called her) to Bethesda: dear, friendly Mrs. Hadden, to the angels troubling the waters, on purpose for him to step down; Squire Blake, to"

"Good! to some scrambling lubber, wh really had no creed of the waters going in be-fore him. Good! But I am going home now. Have you any objections?"
"None; none in the least. On the contra

He is gone. He would not stay to hear th poor, false banter. If he would come back for a few friendly, sincere words-"Dr. W—, best Dr. W—, I am glad you came back! I am foolish ever to say to you, even in a joke, what I don't mean; for it always troubles me. I am glad you came back; for I wanted to say 'good by' to you, in a regular way. 'Good by.'"

"Good by, child."

For the National Era. WHOM SHALL WE MARRY?

DEAR POLLIE:* I have been asking mysel serious question, and ringing as many changes on it as we used at school, on the morable inquiry, "Do you ride to town today?" Thus I have asked, anxiously, " Whom shall we marry?" or despairingly, "Whom shall we marry?" but more to my present purpose, "Whom shall we marry?"

I know it is very improper for a young lady to ask this question. We must be presumed in our innocence, never to have thought of such a thing, much less spoken it; and yet those who would find fault with us for our innocent her family duties faithfully, tries to be both father and mother to her children, and quotes

In our still country life, the question was not one of so much importance. Young men and maidens grew up together, went to the same Cousin Julia invited me to spend a few weeks schools, played at the same games, slid down the same hills, and skated on the same ponds; and, finally, when they arrived at riper years, concluded, each twain, that, having spent so

chosen mate, and, of course, little fear of disappointment through misconception of characwere human, all the time. He died before night; and now I would not catch a trout, if he were made of gold; or, rather, unless he were made of unconscious gold, and, on this were made of unconscious gold, and, on this became the careful matron, the fiery youth the matron is a society still, and reads and keeps and the matron is a society still, and reads and keeps and the matron is a society still, and reads and keeps and the matron is a society still, and reads and keeps and the matron is a society still, and reads and keeps and the matron is a society still, and reads and keeps and the matron is a society still, and reads and keeps and the matron is a society still, and reads and keeps and the matron is a society still, and reads and keeps and the matron is a society still, and reads and keeps and the matron is a society still, and the matron is a society under his eye, shall begin with namby-pamby doctor, a shade crossing his features. "He stuff, that shall put him out of all patience. was a mere boy. A man at his time of life, account, were convertible into some good purgrave, sober man, and both travelled up the hill of life, and down on the other side, leaving fair copies of themselves to fill their places, and transmit their influence and good example

to those who should come after them. But in larger and more mixed socie things prevails, and marriage is of necessity much more a lottery. Young people meet less frequently, and more under the restraint of nity of learning the true character.

Granted that young women have more free dom than in any other country. It is one of the privileges of Young America, and may proceedings be necessarily improper, because we do not "do as they do in Spain?" In France, a young girl is kept in leading strings, and married by an arrangement of her parents, in the most prudent manner; and in England scarcely dares speak above her breath, leaving married women to take the lead in society while our young people carry all before them a little too furiously perhaps, which is not so much their fault as that of the parents, who do not restrain them. But I maintain that our system has this advantage; they have opportunities of becoming acquainted with each other, and choosing intelligently. Who shall say that marriages contracted here are not, as a whole, happier in their results than those among the

same class in France or England? I confess I have sometimes found too much freedom of manner here. These imported dances, borrowed from the lower classes on the continent, and partaking of the coarseness of their manners and ideas, are out of place with us. It is a false position for our young women, and they require a long course of training and perverting influence to overcome a natural, in-stinctive shrinking from them. Indeed, nothing

but the omnipotent dictate of Fashion could have made them tolerable. There is a slight inconsistency, at which I should not dare hint in public, that a man will dance Polka or Schottische the whole evening (I mean night,) when he would scowl or frown

on wife or sister who should dare presume. I confess I am puzzled by it, but doubtless they are right. Men have their prerogatives.

During my visit here, I have been making observations, close and cricical, on some varie-ties of this class of animals, perhaps with a

Young America, the fast young man, rushes into society at sixteen, with all the airs and graces of finished foppery. He will "teeter" up to you with the utmost assurance, and, putting his arm around you as a preliminary, ask you to dance, with entire confidence of acceptance; and if you are not well balanced in the stand you have taken, you will find yourself whirled into the middle of the room, before you

In conversation, he can give you his opinion of wines with the decision of one who knows. Having smoked for years, and learned that Having smoked for years, and learned that nothing relieves the smoking thirst like brandy and water, he has habits of full growth, while he has studied his own development. He has no appetite for his breakfast until he has taken his brandy, and cannot digest his dinner or attend to his business (?) without his cigar.

But there is so little left of him at twenty-five, that we need not discuss him further. that we need not discuss him further If he exist at all, you will find his shrunken

remains at a club house, sans brains, sans everything.
Evidently, we cannot marry him. How is it with men in the professions? Af-ter the fashion of the age, they drive through a ter the fashion of the age, they drive through a course of preparation years sooner than they have maturity, either of mind, judgment, or physique, to enter upon the practice. Usually, they have a time of repose, while waiting for business, when they might repair the errors of education; but there is still the same anxiety to

to talent and circumstances. They profess to aim high; so the lawyer gives all his time to his books and his cases; the physician does the as books and his cases; the physician does the same; the clergyman spends days and nights over his sermons, and then, to fill up his time, or his purse, must forsooth write a book. If they break down, it is not their fault; they can't help it. "Must work! I)o all you can." Life

They marry, but the time necessarily spe in so unprofitable a pursuit must be made by extra diligence afterward. She was wise woman, perhaps sadly so, who advised a young friend to a long engagement, telling her that when once married she would never see her husband again!

I have seen enough of this in my visit with Cousin Pen. Mr. X——rises for breakfast,

I verily believe he once intended to pause when the urgent necessity for exertion should have passed; but, from long habit, he cannot stop, and the taste for home and domestic life has passed

He professes to regard the Bible, and I found him a text the other day about " moderation;" but he said that was meant for the Jews, not for us; and, indeed, he rather thought there was an error in the translation. The word sounded

Cousin Pen bears it very quietly-a woman's best course, when she cannot help herself; but she does not look radiant with happiness. In all these months, I have never seen him devote an hour to her, and her alone, as he once could do, when he was urging her to spend her life with him. (Qu. without him?) She performs first to brand us with the odious title of old maid.

In our still country life the greating and precepts, when they cannot but know it is perfectly apocryphal.

I have considered it well. Mr. X— may

not be a fair specimen; but if he be, evidently with her. They have a fine house, a well-ap-

becomes his station and dignity.
You must remember Julia, as I do, when as concluded, each twain, that, having spent so much of life together, they might as well end it in a more intimate relation.

Familiar from long intercourse, there was little new to learn of the character of the chosen mate, and, of course, little fear of dis.

You must remember Julia, as I do, when as children we looked with a sort of awe upon her stately grace. How we used to watch her dressing for bed, and envy her such unalloyed pleasures.

How we marvelled at her lively sallies in concentration one after another of the contents of your basket, deliver and console him by leaving him a piece of thread to twist round his fingers.

It were a charity to give him work; and not long ago, I almost cried "Eureka," a sewing machine! Gentle exercise for hands and feet, said: "We combining amusement and utility, and required to the contents of your basket, deliver and console him by leaving him a piece of thread to twist round his fingers.

It were a charity to give him work; and not long ago, I almost cried "Eureka," a sewing machine! Gentle exercise for hands and feet, said: "We we marvelled at her, to us, wonderful exhibits in a more intimate relation.

Familiar from long intercourse, there was little new to learn of the character of the character of the children we looked with a sort of awe upon her stately grace. How we used to watch her dressing for long ago, I almost cried "Eureka," a sewing machine! Gentle exercise for hands and feet, said: "We we marvelled at her, to us, wonderful exhibits in a piece of thread to twist round his fingers.

It were a charity to give him work; and not long ago, I almost cried "Eureka," a sewing machine! Gentle exercise for hands and feet, said: "We we marvelled at her, to us, wonderful exhibits."

the morning, that he may go to his business. cluded to wait for another invention. he has not left his cares behind him. If there grind a hand-organ for our amusement. are guests, he talks, and sometimes exerts him-self when we are alone; but one derives little perhaps you had the question with which we Mind and body have been on the stretch, and weary. A comfortable sofa or an arm-chair receives the lord of the household; and there, I am sorry to confess, he lies like a lump of clay as he is, until the decent time arrives to transfer himself to his bed. This is the rule; the exceptions are, when he revives for a part of and we naturally invest our idols with the same

and would go out now and then; but from any party, large or small, he begs off; he is tired, or dull, or has a headache, and she can just as some are so; and (but don't you mention it) so their tastes and pleasures. He has "no time" now, and I might add, no mind. Alas! no.

The man of business. His course may be tinuations, and who carry about upon them the fault of the times, of the spirit of the age; representations of Mount Vesuvius and the but this does not make the fact any better, or

Of all created beings, I have always had the most profound admiration for literary men- has been repeated, without contradiction, perhaps I should say, men of letters. You re- all the women here (graciously allowing worship any of those beings who could write

relopment and general disregard of taste. Then I am sorry to say that, even in society, they are not more agreeable than others. It may not be their fault, for it is said men very seldom both write and talk well. But I think have not tried, and they can't afford to let had and quarter eagles drop from their lips. They might be generous, and follow the example of the little girl who spoke diamonds and pearls the little girl who spoke diamonds and pearls supply."

Granted, that "the demand regulated by the little girl who spoke diamonds and pearls supply."

Granted, that some fail in economy—

of things, and the few beautiful and honorable

exceptions remain, I fear, as exceptions. They show what can be done, if the will be not wantshow what can be done, if the will be not wanting—and that there is such a thing as domestic life, even in the city of Funguston.

I have heard of a father, who not only knows where his sons go to school, but who actually reckless mode of doing business, all may go at where his sons go to school, but who actually where his sons go to school, but who actually reckless mode of doing business, all may go at chose the school for them—who knows what any time; and all they could save would make

they are studying, and even assists them with their lessons. When I see him, I shall approach him with respect, and perhaps shall not feel it too much to bow with the reverence of Eastern salutation. I will tell you if he appears to be more than mortal.

In any time; and an trey could save would make no difference in the general crash.

If a wife knows that her husband is playing at ducks and drakes with his money, what inducement has she to take care of it? He buys fancy stocks, and she buys fancy collars; and sometimes she has more to show for her trans-I am persuaded that one cause of this unso-

cial state of affairs lies, I had almost said, in a nut-shell—it is enveloped in the folds of a—cigar.

With all our boasted independence, we are an imitative people, and we are sadly given to extremes. Example first leads every man to smoke, and his business habits lead him to smoke immoderately. He does nothing by halves.

Actions than he has. He goes among bulls and bears, and she prefers ermines and sables. He writes his name for a friend, and pays roundly for the privilege; she writes to her friends, and merely pays for the supper and music they enjoy in her house.

I must, by the hye, make the confession that we dress too much in the street. But less nouveaux riches are like the child with a new moderately. He does nothing by halves.

Now, this is an unsocial habit, as far as women

exceptions are those unfortunates, who, from education, having found man and his weed, now in our dress.

A true and free confidence would remed and forever, one and inseparable, have concluded to take the bad with the good.

Then, as to moderation. Men drive on at full speed in whatever they undertake, and, aside from the nervous exhaustion which craves but general ideas could do us no harm: and

In thinking that she may like the zest of it—
toming in the face and eyes of his oddity to
sards her."

In the doctor asks more questions than—
(The doctor asks more questions than—
(T

moment, looks so dull and weary, you are glad to see him so far decided as to fall asleep. * *
He reuses himself, exclaims at the lateness of he hour, and hastens to his books to leave them at midnight, earlier or later, as he must.

If Pen invites friends to visit her, he can be gracious to them, but puts on a look of reproach at the hard work he shall have, to make up lost time! this look being reserved for her. Often I have known her to decline an invitation, because ahe knew how unwillingly be might consist to depend on him, ahe remarked that as he was tired of going always alone.

I we have heard him speak to the children. He asked Martha if she would have a piece of beef, or and told Harry not to make such a noise! Evidently, he does not fall in parental duty.

I ventured to ask him how long this is to last? and has assures me, that by and by he shall be more independent, but now he must family. So he has talked these ten years, and grown gray in the service; while Cousin John assuresme he is worth more than the \$100,000 he always used to fix as the limit of his ambition.

I verily believe he once intended to pause when always used to fix as the limit of his ambition.

I verily believe he once intended to pause when the urgent necessity for exertion should have passed, but from long habit he cannot stop, and selves in silk and zephyr worsteds, till we have not an idea beyond. That is the extreme. But books, is too general. to know how to work easily and gracefully, to be able to keep the fingers employed, while the mind is free—this is well. It is soothing and calming, and may help to while away many a weary hour, when books are unheeded, and we

have no society.

Thinking this of our work, I propose to find some social employment for men; at present, I know of none truly innocent but *schilling*. What can they do? Read the papers? Yes, and turn their backs to you while they read. What next? Smoke? Aye, smoke. This is the alternative. Once set going, like the cork-leg, they cannot stop. Work with all their might, eat with all their might, smoke with all their might, sleep with all their might.

Watch a man who has nothing to do, in his attack upon your work basket. He picks up your scissors, and works at them, till you take them away, just as the edge is utterly spoiled. Before you can look up, he has them again, and has snipped up a precious bit of work you were transferring, on the last piece of a particular shade of worsted. Then he cuts your thread, pointed establishment. Mr. Y—— is in success-ful business, and has everything arranged as and unwinds your silk, till you rescue from him one after another of the contents of your basket. sembled at various places to welcome his return

versation, and at her, to us, wonderful exhibi- ring little attention. What more agreeable than tions of talent and intelligence.

She loves society still, and reads and keeps fireside, to entertain and be entertained, while This is our mode of life. All is hastened in But, I saw the machine, I heard it, and con-He returns late; we have a formal dinner, and are not melodious, and Mr. Pater might better

beautiful pictures in books, men who are ever after dinner it is plain that both are thoroughly thing that is good, and wise, and bright, and so the evening, and can talk, with a friend who has dropped in, of interesting works of art, call Julia is fond of society in a reasonable way,

well go alone. Perhaps she has been at home all day; such evenings, without change, are ferent kind, and stocks and notes and specularather dull and cheerless. If she reads, she reads alone. Once, Mr. Y—— loved to read dress, they are nose-led by fashion, and would and think with her, and they sympathized in wear red velvet caps and purple cloaks and blue trunk hose, if they were bid. Those who sport stove-pipes, and dress-coats, and tight con-Mississippi river, would commit any other the life more attractive. Shall we marry him? enormity, if it were dictated by the same high

Some tales gain force by repetition; and has been repeated, without contradiction, that member, dear Pollie, how often we have commember, dear Pollie, how often we have commember, dear Pollie, how often we have commember and there an exception) are extravagant, and muned together, and felt that we could almost given to folly and fashion; while their husbands and fathers, poor, dear, hard-working books, and see them printed; their own thoughts slaves, are obliged to exhaust themselves in ingiven to the world-ave, even those who wrote | cessant labor, to meet the demands of these | and Vice Presidency, to take one from the free for Quarterlies and Magazines-not the love daughters, ever crying, "give, give." I have States and the other from the slave States, but heard of offices and counting rooms and bank-parlors, with comfortable arm-chairs, where and when Mr. Fillmore undertook to say that Alas! I wish I had remained in my blindness; the delusion has all vanished, since I sip,) and of clubs and club houses—but, of have seen and known. They look like other course, married men never go to them. No; men, only sometimes worse; for I think the lite-rary air is second only to the artistic in hirsute spend so much. tention to, the history of the country. In the election of 1828, one of the parties presented

agant too, in houses, dress, equipage; and I have seen women who would hold back in these things, and urge less freedom of arrangements of the Vice Presidency; while the calculation of the parties presented dency, and Mr. Calhoun, of South Carolina, for the Vice Presidency; while the calculation of the parties presented dency, and Mr. Calhoun, of South Carolina, for the Vice Presidency; while the calculation of the parties presented dency, and Mr. Calhoun, of South Carolina, for the Vice Presidency; while the calculation of the parties presented dency, and Mr. Calhoun, of South Carolina, for the Vice Presidency; while the calculation of the parties presented dency, and Mr. Calhoun, of South Carolina, for the Vice Presidency; while the calculation of the parties presented dency, and Mr. Calhoun, of South Carolina, for the Vice Presidency; while the calculation of the parties presented dency, and Mr. Calhoun, of South Carolina, for the Vice Presidency; while the calculation of the parties presented dency, and Mr. Calhoun, of South Carolina, for the Vice Presidency; while the calculation of the parties presented dency and Mr. Calhoun, of South Carolina, for the Vice Presidency; while the vice Presidency; while the vice Presidency is the vice Presidency of the vice Presi But their efforts alone avail but little; for what are a woman's savings to a man's spendings? And if we are so vain and 1001sn, why up they encourage us in it? Why is no effort made to raise us to a level with their nobler natures? Why do they treat with most attention and admiration those who make most discattered upon many candidates. However, the sound of the second of t play in dress? It is their own beautiful busi-

with such freedom—only they are conscious of this difference, that her supply was inexhaustible.

I don't know as much of them in domestic life, but, from some observation and inquiry, I am led to conclude that they do not shine there.

The wearied mind must have repose, and home is the place for repose. If a man may not waste his talents on society, surely not on his wife and children.

Time is precious, his brain is excited, he must calm his nerves, or he must read or think—sometimes deeply, and with closed eyes!

I may have been unfortunate in the subjects of my observations; for, so far as I can judge, I have given a fair estimate of the general state. I am trying to learn this new code of m

> cerned in these transactions, were charged with the design of overthrowing the Union. Mr. Bright, of Indiana, has been elected President of the present Senate, in the place of Vice President King, deceased. Mr. Bright is therefore, to all intents and purposes, Vice President of the United States, performs the

actions than he has. He goes among bulls

Now, this is an unsocial habit, as far as women are concerned, since most of them have an instinctive dislike to tobacco in itself, as well as to the remarkably neat habits it induces. The exceptions are those works are the same than to the remarkably neath habits it induces. The

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justified by assuming, contrary to the fact, that they compose one half of the nation. Now, in round numbers, of the nineteen millions of free persons in the United States, by the census of 1850, thirteen millions, or more than two thirds, resided in the free States, and this disproportion is constantly and rapidly increasing Allowing for the slaves of the South, according to the rule of the Federal Constitution, and the proportion of 144 to 90, or more than three fifths. The slave States do not constitute one-

half of the nation, either in numbers, wealth, or

any legitimate element of political power. But is it true, in point of fact, on any fair view of things, that the Philadelphia Convention did select both its candidates from the North? Colonel Fremont was born in Georgia, was reared and educated in South Caro-lina, and had married the daughter of a Missouri slaveholder. He is Southern in origin, training, and association. When, and how, and where, did he become a Northern man? Certainly, not by his residence in California That State is on neither side of Mason and Dixon's line, for the simple reason that that line was never run so far west. Our Pacific Territories constitute a distinct political system of their own. They are totally disconnected, and books, is too general.

Should we be consigned to old-maidism, it must ever remain so, from the sectional division of the Atlantic States. That division appeals neither to their interests nor their passions. Distance of space has the same effect in producing impartiality as distance of time. I has been said that the contemporaneous judg ment of the United States upon European events, is as much to be relied upon as the judg ment of posterity. Our Pacific coast is near-ly three times as distant, in time of communi-It is objected to the Republican party, that its candidates for both the Presidency and Vice which will arise on the Pacific may be reafter. which will arise on the Pacific may hereafter Presidency are taken from the North; that it become the umpires of the Republic. They belong neither to the North nor the South, in exists, as an effective organization, only in the free States, and will present electoral tickets in any sense which can connect them with our only two or three slave States; that its triumph controversies, either for principle or for power. would be a sectional triumph of the North over the South; and that its success will be equiva-They have independent objects of their own, lent to a dissolution of the Union, because the

tems of politics. It is true that California is a free State, perhaps ought not to submit to it. This objection, already taken in many quarters, has rewith the slave States. With the exception of the brief term of Colonel Fremont in the Un-Mr. Fillmore, in the many addresses he has delivered to his fellow-citizens, who have as-Slavery. At this moment, that State is confi dently relied upon to vote for Mr. Buchanan emphatic, and, indeed, most fatal objection to the Republican party. At Albany, Mr. Fillmore California, although not itself afflicted with Slavery, has been, in short, Pro-Slavery. At any rate, it has not been Anti-Slavery. an "Abolitionized" State, as Southern gentle men would say that Massachusetts is. Resi dence in California affords no proof, and raises these candidates by suffrages of one part of no presumption even, of hostility to the pecu-

the Union only, to rule over the whole United the Union only, to rule over the whole United States. Can it be possible that those who are engaged in such a measure can have serious the Republican nominations, which Mr. Fillously reflected upon the consequences which | more has embodied in his Albany address, is must inevitably follow, in case of success? not to the residence of the candidates, but to [Cheers.] Can they have the madness or the the issues raised, and to the sectional location folly to believe that our Southern brethren of the strength relied upon to elect those candi to follow the same rule prescribed by those who elected him in making his appointments? President, would it be proper to select one entertained by Mr. Fillmore would not have from the same quarter, as one of his Cabinet | been one whit less gloomy. Indeed, it is quite Council, or to represent the nation in a foreign country? Or, indeed, to collect the revenue, Douglases, and the Buchanans, are more dein selection man for other that the people themselves discard in selecting him! These are serious but practical questions, and, in than even the Wades and Wilsons of the North. No! The real objection is not to the local residence of the Republican candidates. The Suppose that the South, having a majority of objection to Colonel Fremont is not that he the electoral votes, should declare that they was born in Georgia, educated in South Caro would only have slaveholders for President lina, married into the family of a Missouri slave and Vice President, and should elect such by their exclusive suffrages to rule over us at the North. Do you think we would submit to it?
No, not for a moment. [Applause.] And do
Atlantic States; the objection is, that he is you believe that your Southern brethren are the candidate of the seventeen free States, less sensitive on this subject than you are, or against Mr. Buchanan, the candidate of th less jealous of their rights? [Tremendous fourteen slave States. The objection is, that cheering.] If you do, let me tell you that you the party which supports Colonel Fremont is, are mistaken. And, therefore, you must see that if this sectional party succeeds, it leads bounded by a geographical line; and that its

inevitably to the destruction of this beautiful success would be fabric, reared by our forefathers, cemented by their blood, and bequeathed to us as a price.

In this division of the States, Delaware is reckoned as a free State. It ought to be so reckoned, in reference to the issues involved in mon, in selecting candidates for the Presidency the present contest. Delaware has a little lingering remnant of Slavery, but has long pro-hibited the exportation of slaves. Delaware has no interest in slave-breeding or Slavery extension, but is opposed to both. During the pen-dency of the Wilmot Proviso controversy, the Legislature of Delaware instructed their tors in Congress to obtain, if possible, the prohibition of Slavery in the territories of the United States. The interests, opinions, and sentiments, of Delaware, are all hostile to the extension of Slavery. The Republican party exists there in full vigor, and if Col. Fremont loses the vote of the State, it will only be in cousented Mr. Adams, of Massachusetts, for the Presidency, and Mr. Rush, of Pennsylvania, for the Vice Presidency; and the last-named sequence of the disturbing element of Ameri

the seventeen free States arrayed against the fourteen slave States, which is substantially the aspect of the pending Presidential contest, is one to be contemplated with profound concern. I owe it to the candor with which I desire to discuss all political questions, and to the intel-ligence of those to whom this paper is addressed, to admit that the existing condition of things is most undesirable and most deplorable. Is it remediable ?- and if so, by whom? Are the free States responsible for this condition of things, or can they, consistently with their principles and convictions, do anything which will put an end

A difference of opinion, broad, deep, and ir reconcilable, in reference to the institution of Slavery, exists in the country. It is not an old difference of opinion, but a modern difference of opinion. It has arisen quite within the recollection of men in middle life. The free States, still holding fast to the views of all the fathers of the Republic, North and South, renessee, for President, and Tyler, of Virginia, gard Slavery as morally wrong, politically danfor the second office. It is not recollected that any of the individuals, or parties, or States, conwasteful, exhausting, and ruinous. With such gerous, and, in an economical point of view, wasteful, exhausting, and ruinous. With such opinious, long cherished and clearly immovable, the free States cannot consent to the ex ace of Union. On the other hand, the slave States ight is have, of late, adopted the opinion that the in-Vice stitution of Slavery is both abstractly right and economically advantageous. They believe, or present duties of that office, and would suc- affect to believe, that its extension is for the the people. We now have, therefore, both the President and Vice President from the free of the country. Regret it as much as we may, here it is; and what is to be done about it? Is own interest. Here is a case of irreconcilable difference of opinion between the two sections there really any other solution of it, than that which is the solution of all other questions under republican forms of government—the submission of the minority to the fairly-expressed will of the majority? Is any other solution of it possible, or would any other solution of it be sub mitted to? Is it seriously proposed, that seven teen States shall yield to fourteen States; that

Southern men would refuse to take office under him. The prediction may safely be ventured, that enough men from Virginia alone will be on their knees to Colonel Fremont for office, to exhaust all his patronage. Mr. Fillmore's own experience should have enlightened him on that point. Nobody knows better than he does, what vast numbers of his old healting associates were transformed into impossible. That was resorted to in 1820, when the Territories were divided by a parallel of latitude. But the South effaced that line in 1854, and still oppose its restoration. Compromise being impossible, nothing remains but the arbitrament of power, to be exercised peacemillions?

whenever he wants to hurry you?
"Yours, dear, and Julia's,
"ELLEN CABOT."